

Good Morning 345

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

"H.M.S." KEITH AND RODNEY FOR S/T RAYMOND KINSMAN



"H.M.S." Keith and "H.M.S." Rodney, here, photographed in the garden at 65, West-avenue, Rudheath, Northwich, Cheshire.

Those are the names given to these nephews of S.T. Raymond Kinsman. Keith, nearly four years of age, is the senior partner. Rodney is only two.

When their names were chosen nobody was thinking of ships or admirals, their mother, Mrs. Beatrice Kinsman, told us. "Raymond adds the H.M.S. part when he writes to them.

That's Keith at the back of the barrow taking Rodney for a ride. The others of the family were much too busy to be photographed, Raymond. We called during a rush period.

Father, Mr. William Kinsman was rushing around the district fixing up all sorts of arrangements for his second marriage. He will not be a widower any longer by the time you read this, but they all wish that you could have been there for the occasion. Especially for the party at St. John's Hall after the wedding, which took place at Witton Parish Church.

Uncle Norman Kinsman man-

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

HE TRIPPED OVER GLASS OF BITTER!



By
STUART MARTIN



A contemporary print of Jack Sheppard having his portrait painted in gaol

I HAVE told you how the career of Charlie Peace, regarded as the cleverest burglar of all time, came to an end by a slight forgetfulness.

I am now going to relate how Jack Sheppard, a greater scoundrel in some ways than Peace, tripped over a glass of beer.

There is no space here to relate all the doings of this young ruffian. His crimes were the basis of sermons from hundreds of pulpits, numberless poems, even plays were written about his escapades. When he was in prison his portrait was painted by Sir James Thornhill, the artist who painted the roof of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Thousands of engravings were made of the portrait. Hogarth, too, did pictures of him from life; visiting him in his cell for the purpose. Lawyers and barristers studied and argued about him.

NO felon, indeed, ever reached the height of popularity to which Sheppard ascended. Drury Lane Theatre gave a long run to "Harlequin Sheppard"; and "The Prison-breaker, or the Adventures of Jack Sheppard," complete with songs and glees, was many times performed at Bartholomew Fair. His exploits also figured in the "Quaker's Opera." He was the talk not only of the town, but of the entire country.

John Sheppard's father was a carpenter in Spitalfields, London, a man of strict, good character. He died when both his sons, John and a younger son Thomas, were hardly in their teens—and both took to crime. The "national criminal," as John was later called, was apprenticed in carpentry to a Mr. Wood, in Wych Street, near Drury Lane, for seven years. He soon got into bad company, and gradually became known as a frequenter of low taverns in the vicinity.

He knew his job, but he started stealing, and he got mixed up with abandoned women, one of whom, Elizabeth Lyon, otherwise Edgeworth Bess, kept friendly with him to the end. She was a masculine type, and the boy was easily led.

It was Edgeworth Bess who often gave information to Sheppard as to where to thief and burgle. As a working carpenter he sometimes was able to get into big houses to do repairs. He did much more.

On one occasion he robbed a Mayfair mansion of plate, gold rings, four suits of clothes and a sum of money—all for Bess.

Then he parted company from her; but, hearing that she had been arrested and taken to the Round House, in St. Giles, he broke into the prison, thrashed the keeper, and set his paramour at liberty. This gave him a "reputation" among the dames of Drury Lane.

He broke into a shop in Clare Market and stole about £50 worth of clothing. For this he was arrested, but the first night there he broke out, and within a few hours committed another robbery.

His brother Thomas was caught in a similar robbery, convicted and transported; but Jack kept going, and committed a number of burglaries in company with the notorious Joe, Blake, otherwise Blueskin, the highwayman.

One Sunday the two stopped a coach on Hampstead Road. The only occupant was a lady's maid, and all the money she had was half-a-crown. The next day they stopped another coach and got twenty shillings from a passenger.

That brought Townsend, of the Bow Street Runners, on the trail. He knew everybody in the upper and lower world of London. He knew every trick and twist of thieves and footpads. His first act was to arrest Edgeworth Bess in a boozing den near the Temple. That scared her, and she told where Sheppard was to be found.

Next day, Runners entered the house of Blueskin's mother in Rosemary Lane; and there was Jack, very surprised. But he whipped out a pistol and clapped it to the chest of the officer who arrested him. The weapon missed fire, and Sheppard was taken to the New Prison.

There he confessed to three highway robberies and several cases of housebreaking. He was committed to Newgate. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. He pleaded for transportation, but the Court did not listen to his plea.

He was sent to the condemned cell, where nine others were awaiting hanging. Now, at that time the King was at Windsor, and some days must elapse before the Royal signature to the executions could be procured. The delay was of value to Jack.

Edgeworth Bess frequently visited him, and in food she brought him he found tools. But the King's signature arrived, and some of them were actually being "turned off" when Sheppard, working hard,

forced the spikes above the door, crept into a passage, found himself facing steps, went up them, and met another door, which he forced, and so got out. Bess had a coach ready for him.

They went off, with one of Sheppard's pals, named Page, to Northampton, but a week later they were back in London. On the night of their return they walked up Fleet Street, saw a watchmaker's shop, smashed the window, and stole three watches.

A hue and cry was raised. Sheppard was traced to Wych Street, then to the Cock and Pie alehouse, where they had brandy and oysters. While thus engaged the runners entered the house, but Page and Sheppard escaped.

Bow Street Runners were out day and night after the two. They caught Page. Townsend had Bess arrested again for helping Sheppard to escape. The authorities spared neither time nor money to get him. They had the watchmen out, too.

They got him at last, hiding in a house at Finchley, and after a fierce fight he was secured. They shoved him into a coach, but when they got to Newgate the prisoner, although pinioned, slipped under the coach and off.

He was caught again and put into Newgate, but even then the keepers, when they searched him, found he had files and other implements, and a knife under his left armpit. When they took these away from him he always got others, and nobody knew who gave them to him.

He was chained to the floor and manacled. But he determined to escape. He managed to drag a small nail from a floorboard. By bending this, he was able to unlock the padlocks of his manacles. But his leg irons held him.

By sheer strength he twisted a link in the chain and unhooked it. He then went up the chimney, but found his way barred by an iron bar. With a piece of his broken chain he picked out the mortar next the bar and removed the bar.

Using the bar as a lever, he picked out two stones in the chimney and got through to the Red Room, which was not used in the prison. With his bar he broke open the door. It was seven years since that door had been opened. Sheppard had it open in five minutes.

The door led him into a passage to the chapel; then another door faced him. Again he picked a stone from the wall, thrust his arm through and unbolted the door.

Now he was in the chapel, the door of which was bolted and locked and fringed with iron spikes. He got through that one, only to find another door. He unlocked it. All with his iron bar. But he had a third door to encounter. He wrenched this one from its hinges, and then found he was on the leads, some distance from the ground.

He might have hurt himself with jumping. So he actually went all the way back to his cell and took a blanket, fixed it on a spike, and slid down. He was free. A neighbouring clock was striking nine.

What he had done was regarded as superhuman. He still had his leg irons on. He was dead tired; his hands were blistered. He must sleep. He broke into a house and climbed to the garret and laid down.

A few hours later he heard sounds below. A maid was giving a light to a visitor who was leaving the house. Sheppard, peering down from his open garret door, saw the maid close the door. When she had gone to her room Sheppard stumbled down the stairs, opened the door, and stepped out. A clock chimed midnight.

He marched along the street, turned down Gray's Inn Lane, then away to Tottenham Court Road, and so to a shed in a cowhouse. He slept again while rain pelted down.

At seven o'clock next morning he peered out and saw a Bow Street Runner not far off. He crept back. All that day and the next night Sheppard lay there, his legs swollen with the irons, pain racking him.

Church bells were ringing for early worship. Sheppard saw a man coming up the path and hailed him. "I'll give you twenty shillings," he said, "if you get me a smith's hammer and a punch." He told a tale to the man which aroused sympathy. He got the hammer and punch and freed himself.

He went to a shop and purchased some bread and cheese, then at night made himself look like a beggar by tearing his clothes and tying a handkerchief around his head. From that time his case was desperate. The Runners were still looking for him. He found refuge in a house of ill-fame, then in a cellar. He broke into a pawnbroker's shop for clothes, and stole some rings and a gold watch.

Arrayed in finery, he went to a tavern in Clare Market with two women. They had the best of food, but he would not drink. The company was good. "I must not forget to remain sober," he said several times.

Then he had a glass of beer, and another, then brandy, then gin. And an alehouse boy told the Watch that he was there. They found him helplessly drunk. He was taken to Newgate unconscious, and woke up there. His first words were, "I forgot."

He was hanged, after bravado on the scaffold. Even at the last he intended to escape by throwing himself among the crowd. He struggled much after he was "turned off."

His body was cut down and given to friends, who buried him in the yard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. His bones may still be there.

SHORT ODD—BUT TRUE

England is said to owe its early eminence as a manufacturing nation to the Flemings, the people of Flanders, who came to this country in the 16th and 17th centuries. They excelled in the textile arts.

The white gloves presented to justices when there is a maiden session are a survival of the legal custom of giving glove-money to clerks of assize and judges' attendants by a County Sheriff when no offenders were left for execution.

A Pope—Nicholas V—founded Glasgow University in 1451. It had a new charter granted to it by James VI of Scotland more than a century later.

The steam hammer, often weighing as much as 100 tons, is so accurately gauged that it will crack the glass of a watch without actually breaking it.

The banking quarter of Lombard Street in London gets its name from some Italian merchants who settled in England in the 13th century and first became prominent as money-lenders and later as bankers.

A curious thing about the horse is that nobody knows how, when, or where it was first domesticated. Wild horses of the present day are descended from domestic breeds which have broken from restraint, such as the wild horses of the South American pampas and of Tartary.

The unicorn on the Royal Arms of Great Britain represents Scotland, and dates from the union of Scotland with England at the accession of James I (James VI of Scotland).

The object of the military expeditions known as Crusades was to wrest the holy Christian city of Jerusalem from the Mohammedans. Peter the Hermit started the agitation, and from 1095 to 1271 there were eight Crusades in all. Millions of lives and enormous sums of money were sacrificed in these enterprises, and when all was done Jerusalem remained in the hands of the infidels.

Football in a crude form was popular in England in the Middle Ages.

J. S. Newcombe

"Death to Traitors"

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 8

"Come along, gentlemen," said the girl, who now led the brothers through an inner lobby to the back of the prison. Guided by her, they descended a staircase of about a dozen steps, traversed a small courtyard, which was surrounded by castellated walls, and, the arched door having been opened for them by Rosa, they emerged into a lonely street, where their carriage was ready to receive them.

"Quick, quick, my masters, do you hear them?" cried the coachman in a deadly fright.

Yet, after having made Cornelius get into the carriage first, the Grand Pensionary turned round towards the girl, to whom he said:

"Good-bye, my child; words could never express our gratitude. God will reward you for having saved the lives of two men."

Rosa took the hand which John De Witte proffered to her, and kissed it with every show of respect.

"Go—for heaven's sake, go," she said; "it seems they are going to force the gate."

John De Witte hastily got in, sat himself down by the side of his brother, and, fastening the apron of the carriage, called out to the coachman:

"To the Tol-Hek!"



"You're welcome! Any questions answered. Good-bye. That was the Brains Trust, Fred!"

The Tol-Hek was the iron gate leading to the harbour of Schevening, in which a small vessel was waiting for the two brothers.

The carriage drove off with the fugitives at the full speed of a pair of spirited Flemish horses. Rosa followed them with her eyes, until they turned the corner of the street, upon which, closing the door after her, she went back and threw the key into a well.

The noise which had made Rosa suppose that the people were forcing the prison door was indeed owing to the mob battering against it after the square had been left by the military.

Solid as the gate was, and although Gryphus, to do him justice, stoutly refused to open it, yet it could not evidently resist much longer, and the jailer, growing very pale, put to himself the question whether it would not be better to allow it to be forced, when he felt someone gently pulling his coat. He turned round and saw Rosa.

"Do you hear these madmen?" he said.

"I hear them so well, my father, that in your place—"

"You would open the door?"

"No, I should allow it to be forced."

"But they will kill me!"

"Yes, if they see you."

"How shall they not see me?"

"Hide yourself."

"Where?"

"In the secret dungeon."

"But you, my child?"

"I shall get into it with you. We shall lock the door, and

when they have left the prison we shall again come forth from our hiding-place."

"Sounds, you are right there!" cried Gryphus; "it's surprising how much sense there is in such a little head!"

Then, as the gate began to give way amidst the triumphant shouts of the mob, she opened a little trap-door and said:

"Come along, come along, father."

"But, our prisoners?"

"God will watch over them, and I shall watch over you."

Gryphus followed his daughter, and the trap-door closed over his head just as the broken gate gave admittance to the populace.

The dungeon where Rosa had induced her father to hide himself, and where for the moment we must leave the two, offered to them a perfectly safe retreat, being known only to those in power, who used to place there important prisoners of state, to guard against a rescue, or a revolt.

The people rushed into the prison with a cry of:

"Death to the traitors! To the gallows with Cornelius De Witte! Death! Death!"

The young man, with his hat still slouched over his eyes, still leaning on the arm of the officer, and still wiping from time to time his brow with his handkerchief, was watching in a corner of the Buitenhof, in the shade of the overhanging weatherboard of a closed shop, the doings of the infuriated mob, a spectacle which seemed to draw near its catastrophe.

"Indeed," said he to the officer, "indeed, I think you were right, Van Deken; the order which the deputies have signed is truly the death-warrant of Master Cornelius. Do you hear these people? They certainly bear a sad grudge to the two De Wittes."

"In truth," replied the officer, "I never heard such shouts."

"They seem to have found out the cell of the man. Look, look, is not that the window of the cell where Cornelius was locked up?"

A man had seized with both hands and was shaking the iron bars of the window in the room which Cornelius had left only ten minutes before.

"Halloa, halloa," the man called out, "he is gone."

JANE



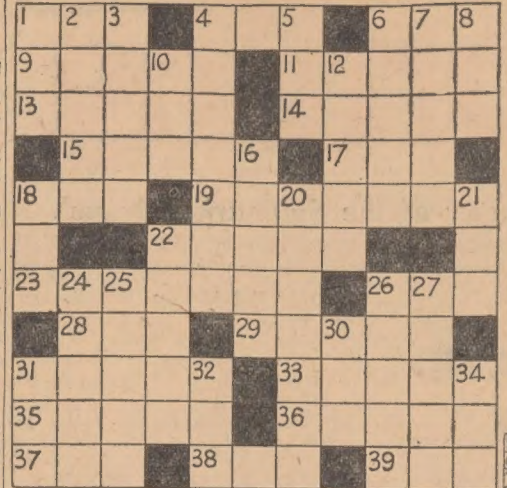
ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



STITCH, STITCH, STITCH!

From morning until night... stitch, stitch, stitch... just like Hood's song of the seamstress, only these are craftsmen of Cairo making wall hangings in the Tent Makers' Bazaar. They take their designs from the ancient tombs of the Pharaohs and keep alive the mysteries of Isis and Osiris in cloth. And fine work they make of it, too.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
1 Item of wear.
4 Give title.
6 Shy.
7 Pungent oxygen.

11 Burning.
13 Learner.
14 Ship's crane.
15 Head-strong.
17 Stamp.
18 Head-gear.
19 Antelope.
22 Faring.
23 Artist's tablet.
26 Request.
28 Stick.
29 Wet weather.
31 Rot.
33 Slang.
35 Silly.
36 Artless.
37 Comrade.
38 Soft lump.
39 The Casplan.

BIRD SCAMPS
OVERTURNS H
TYPE PAT CO
T OAKEN POD
LARDER MIND
EFT R BEEFY
F CROAT R
TALLY RAKED
OBOE BOLERO
FLOATED PET
FENT GARISH

CLUES DOWN.
1 Plant. 2 Colour. 3 Gem. 4 Great pleasure. 5 Inferior. 6 Obliging. 7 Projecting window. 8 So far. 10 Writing point. 12 Gradually went. 16 Game. 18 Vain man. 20 Dutch province. 21 Sort of beer. 22 Old vehicle. 24 Sphere of action. 25 Of place. 26 Sure defence. 27 Bashed. 30 Age. 31 Bathe. 32 Tree. 34 Drink.

set his horses off at a gallop. All at once he stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked John, putting his head out of the coach window.

"Oh! my masters," cried the coachman, "it is—"

Terror choked the voice of the honest fellow.

"Well, say what you have to say!" urged the Grand Pensionary.

"The gate is closed, that's what it is."

"How is this? It is not usual to close the gate by day."

"Just look!"

John De Witte leaned out of the window, and indeed saw that the man was right.

"Never mind, but drive on," said John; "I have with me the order for the commutation of the punishment; the gatekeeper will let us through."

The carriage moved along, but it was evident that the driver was no longer urging his horses with the same degree of confidence.

Moreover, as John De Witte put his head out of the carriage window, he was seen and recognised by a brewer, who, being behind his companions, was just shutting his door in all haste to join them at the Buitenhof. He uttered a cry of surprise, and ran after the two other men before him, whom he overtook about a hundred yards further on, and told them what he had seen. The three men then stopped, not yet quite sure as to whom it contained.

The carriage, in the meanwhile, arrived at the Tol-Hek. "Open!" cried the coachman.

"Open!" echoed the gatekeeper from the threshold of his lodge; "It's all very well to say open, but what am I to do it with?"

"With the key, to be sure!" said the coachman.

"With the key! Oh, yes! But if you have not got it?"

"How is that? Have not you got the key?" asked the coachman.

"No, I haven't."

"What has become of it?"

"Well, they have taken it from me."

"Who?"

"Someone, I dare say, who had a mind that no one should leave the town."

"My good man," said the Grand Pensionary, putting out his head from the window and risking all for gaining all, "my good man, it is for me, John De Witte, and for my brother Cornelius, whom I am taking away into exile."

"Oh! Mynheer De Witte, I am indeed very much grieved," said the gatekeeper, rushing towards the carriage, "but upon my sacred word, the key has been taken from me."

"When?"

"This morning."

"By whom?"

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A flawn is a piece of fine linen, dance, pancake, small deer, carpenter's plane, bird, flower?
2. Who wrote (a) Tricks of the Trade, (b) Tales of the Trade?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Ultramarine, Indigo, Turquoise, Sapphire, Madder, Cobalt?
4. What great classical composer was a negro?
5. Why are the Scots Greys so called?
6. What is the difference between (a) a spinet, and (b) a spinneret?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Inventory, Inviolable, Invinible, Invariable, Involve, Invective?
8. Of what nationality were the first people to play lacrosse?
9. Where are (a) Middlesborough, (b) Middlesbrough?
10. What living Englishman has filled the greatest number of Cabinet offices?
11. What character is associated with a diet of spinach?
12. Name three of Shakespeare's characters whose names begin with S.

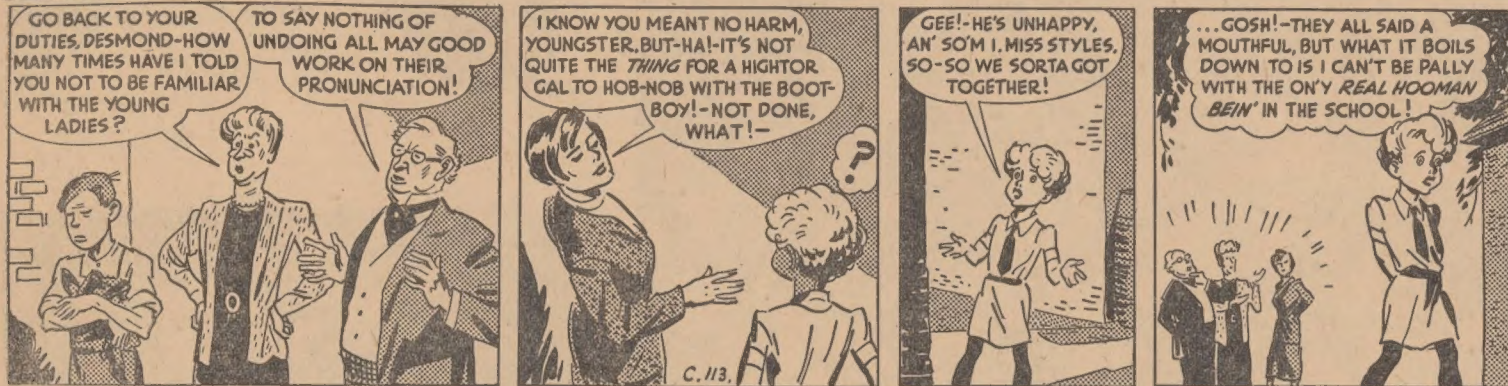
Answers to Quiz in No. 344

1. Rock.
2. (a) W. H. Hudson, (b) Somerset Maugham.
3. Tambourine is not a wind instrument; others are.
4. (a) 2, (b) 2.
5. Sir Walter Scott.
6. Assault is a threat to do violence; battery is doing it.
7. Samovar, Segment.
8. Cassava plant.
9. He murdered Abraham Lincoln.
10. 1824, in the Burmese War. (Armed steam-launch "Diana.")
11. Kaunas.
12. Sturgeon, Salmon, Stickleback.

DEEZLEDUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

THE calibre of the local councillor matters enormously to the country, and the country (at the moment) takes little interest in the subject. Despite this indifference, municipal expenditure approximates to eight hundred millions a year. There is no glamour in it, and glamour, thanks to the cinema, is the thing which the public is mainly interested in in its spare time; if it isn't watching a football match, or digging a garden, or sitting in the local pub. If the post-war world is to be different and better, it will depend largely on the efficiency or otherwise of the country's local authorities. If Dilly and Dally continue to be enthroned, if fossilised and prehistoric councillors and aldermen are allowed to conduct municipal affairs, the new world simply won't be built.

Alderman Norman Tiptaft.

EIRE AND THE WAR (1).

SINCE September, 1939, upwards of 170,000 Irishmen and Irishwomen have been able to come to this country, where they are now hard at work for Britain. No difficulty or hindrance was placed in Eire in the way of those who wished to join the British Army. The large number of Irish who thus volunteered represents a considerable proportion of Eire's population—especially in the military age group—and a good many of these volunteers have outstanding achievements to their credit. The total value of Eire foodstuffs sent during the war to Britain is no less than £45,000,000 more than Eire received from this country. . . . No Allied ships have been lost carrying cargoes to Ireland. Almost everything Eire gets from across the Atlantic is carried in her own ships, which are out of any convoy.

J. W. Dulanty (High Commissioner for Ireland).

EIRE AND THE WAR (2).

IT is time someone endeavoured to cure this national disease of Ireland which was described so naively (in a letter which said in effect) . . . although two and two make four elsewhere in the world, they make anything one fancies in Eire. . . . Eirean propagandists are the most skilful and the most unscrupulous in the world.

St. John Ervine.

JAZZ.

A DISTINCTION should be made between jazz in the true sense of the word and emasculated jazz in the form of commercial dance music with its attendant crooners. The difference is as distinct to a true jazz enthusiast as that between jazz and classical music. Usually the critical jazz enthusiast also appreciates classical music.

G. C. Parry.

OPERA IN BRITAIN.

OPERA, a hybrid art at the best, was semi-bankrupt before the war, and those who think it will have any glamorous spell after it are uncommonly sanguine. Opera in Britain, whatever it may be elsewhere, is an exotic plant. "Fashion" alone has kept it so long on its tottering legs.

George Kettle.



"This is my favourite pin-up boy."
"Remind me to show you my favourite pin-up crew some time, darling!"

Good Morning

"They let ME relax, anyway!"



She has a beautiful expression. An impromptu snap on the South Coast.



"I've been relaxing for years!"

This England

And here's a place to relax in — Old Warden, Beds.



"You must have a time, reaching for trees!"



"Whatever I reach for I get!"

"I know I've got a dirty face, but why did they take my pants away?"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"And me, too, hippo!"